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1919

WITCHERY
OF THE MOON

SAMUEL W. KELLEY

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THE WITCHERY O' THE MOON

AND

OTHER POEMS

SAMUEL W. KELLEY

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Dedication

To one who, having taken me
For better or for worse,
This most obliging obligee,
With patience bears nor seeks to flee
My prose, nor yet my verse.

To two, who, fondly trusting me,
Have listened to my song,
And, nestling upon either knee,
Have heard my tale with tears or glee,
Nor thought it over-long.

I may not hope that all who read,
Like those kind eyes will see;
Nor all who hear will give such heed
Or pay the poet with the meed
These have bestowed on me.

But if to be my guest you choose,
And come with open heart,
You're welcome to the best my muse
Can furnish forth—your only dues
A hand clasp when we part.

The Witchery o' the Moon

I rose from the mosses whereon I had slept.
O, the witchery o' the moon!
It changed into jewels the tears I had wept
As I grieved for my Love left alone by the way,
When she died, long ago, on a heart-rending day
Far back on the wearisome journey that lay
Over mountain and plain where the caravan crept.

"I'll return to my Love and again clasp her hand."
O, the witchery o' the moon!
All silvered in moonlight and silent the land.
I muffled the hoofs of my tethere'd steed,
I loosed him and mounted and curbing his speed
We passed through the camp on the grassy mead,
Nor wakened the slumbering band.

We came to the place where my ancestors lay.
O, the witchery o' the moon!
They rose from their graves, wraiths wrapped all in gray.
They beckoned and called me, "O cease thy quest,
And lie here with us in a dreamless rest,"
Save those with the radiant light of the blest—
Who pointed me on my way.

The wraiths sank adown in their moldy beds,
O, the witchery o' the moon!
And pulled the sod smoothly over their heads.
I flicked my good steed, and a night-bird's cry
Was left far behind as we galloped by.
The hills fled beneath us as we came anigh
With our rapid and noiseless tread.
O, the witchery o' the moon!

I toiled in a desert of burning sand,
Nor shade nor rest was in that awesome land
Weary and hungered and stifling with thirst
I toiled 'till my veins were like to burst.
Wretched, aswoon I cried, "Am I accurst?"
No hope of help at hand.

And still came swarming through that with'ring heat,
Those croaking carrion-crows with blistered feet,
Singed carrion-crows that could not walk nor fly
But hopped and fluttered and crept closer by
All eager, when I fell, to see me die
That they might gloat and eat.

I neared the groves where soulless voices dwell.
O, the witchery o' the moon!
They called, "Come thou and drink from
pleasure's well.
For grief for pain and toil find recompense.
This draught transforms them into joys of sense."
But fast I held my ears and struggled hence,
For near was the mouth of hell.

I came to a plain like a silver sea.
O, the witchery o' the moon!
It flashed beneath my gallant steed and me
With the speed of light; and I found a trail
That led down a fragrant flowery vale—
But every blossom there bowed with a wail
For my Love that used to be.

Then near at hand a sylvan glen appeared.
O, the witchery o' the moon!
Whence eerie music came, sublime and weird,
A dirge most sweet and mournful without words,
The swelling harmony of humming birds
Attuned to grieve in melancholy chords
For her I lost—to find no more I feared.
O, the witchery o' the moon!

Of mist and of moonbeams the dragonflies wove
A web that enfolded my soul as I strove
To the end of my quest, to the goal of my race.
The gossamer wreathed round a luminous place
Where my vision beheld the ineffable face—
The ineffable face of my Love.

Alone lay my Love in the sleep of death.
Alone, still and cold on a moonlit heath.
Her form of grace half hidden by the shroud,
I gazed upon and touched, and deep avowed
My grief and love—whereat she sighed aloud,
New life and warmth returning with each breath.
O, the witchery o' the moon!

I cried, "O Love, we shall not part again!"
Let us mount and ride to the haunts of men
Ere this light decline; for I am a man,
And must march again with the caravan,
Must march, fight, die or must live if I can.
Say thou wilt be mine forever and then—"
O, the witchery o' the moon!

She rose in her beauty and clasped me round.
Then I knew that my soul its bride had found.
Forever and aye with me she will bide,
My Love, my angel counsellor, my guide.
No mortal eyes may see her as we ride,
But where she leadeth me is holy ground.
O, the witchery o' the moon!

*My "Oatograph"**

For still the food is suited to the clime
In which it grows.
In the far North, the hardy Esquimaux,
Living with bears amid eternal snows,
Keep life's lamp burning, though but dim
it glows.
With seal oil; while the plantain and the lime
Feed those who dwell in Ever-summertime.

And best the trav'ler fares who eats as they
Where he sojourns.
So, while I wander in this "land o' Burns,"
Th' prescription I have just now giv'n, I take;
And fill my stomach full of oatmeal cake—
When with the Indians I ate deer, dog, snake.

Be this as it may be, what I now will tell
Is truth, I vow—
I never "felt my oats" as I do now.
If it's the diet makes me take to rhyme,
Thus breaking out in meter at my time,
If it's the oats, then it may come to pass,
A horse may write in verse—as well as an ass.

Say grace—for stomachs, brethren, let us bray,
Next serve the hay.
Join in the feed and do not say me neigh.
Ends my lay.
S. W. K.,
Cleveland, Ohio,
U. S. A.

*See Note i, page 83

*The Doctor's Answer**

Sir Editor: The other night I scanned the News, and chanced to light my searching vision, where one in "Punch" quite merry seems, as in a comic way he limns his sick physician.

The house was still, the hour was late, I fell in that weak-minded state, poetic trance, sir, I know I should have gone to bed, but I sat up and wrote instead:

The Doctor's Answer

I thank you for the kindly word
You sent to me when first you heard
That something ailed me.
I hope you don't begrudge me ease
As badly as you did my fees
When your health failed ye.

You mourn, you say, yet chuckle, too,
As many mocking mortals do,
To see my illness.
I half believe it is in spite
That I the doctors can invite
And yet be bill-less.

*See Note ii, page 84

'Tis only fair when I must feel
The ills that I am wont to steal
From others' anguish,
That I should know the sweet relief,
The doctor's potent art can give,
To those that languish.

And when I go through wet and dry
To answer every wailing cry
Till sickness floors me,
I think that you might do your best
To give a little needed rest
From all that bores me.

Don't touch my bell or telephone,
Go off and leave me quite alone
In my dominion;
Nor seek to visit me in bed,
To conjure from this aching head
One more opinion.

Indeed, my pulse I never count,
Nor watch my fever though it mount
Toward disaster.
I let my doctor tend to those,
No one when sick, what e'er he knows,
Himself can master.

I call a trusty friend or two,
And let them say what's best to do
For symptoms fateful.
And when they help me out of pain,
And put me on my feet again,
I'm duly grateful.

I never fret and fume and stew,
As some that I could tell of do,
But take my rations.
For watching long at cases slow,
And list'ning to your tales of woe
Have taught me patience.

About the nurse that I would like,
The care to take and fancy strike—
    Ah! There's my failing!
A neat, sweet, feat and faithful nurse
I like, no better and no worse
    Because I'm ailing.

With mein serene my dose I sip,
Then into "Punch" I take a dip
    My ribs to tickle.
Though many a potent drug I quaff,
No drug is better than the laugh
    When health is fickle.

When Health or Fortune turn their backs,
And want assails or suffering racks
    Me for a while,
Whatever else I use as aids
I joke and chuckle at the jades
    Till again they smile.

*The Knight's Wooing**

The knight came over sea and sand
All shining in his armor grand
He came o'er sand and sea.

He sought my sire in castle hall,
And riding up, erect and tall,
He asked to marry me,
He sought to marry me.

My sire looked through his casque and cors,
As he bestrode his coal-black horse,
Looked through his cors and casque.

To read the stranger's soul and heart,
With glances keen and sage's art,
"Sir, know you what you ask?
Knight, know you what you ask?

Who wins my daughter's hand of snow,
No stain his noble heart must know,
To win her snow-white hand.

His honor as his armor bright,
His soul and sword should leap to fight
For right and native land,
For God and native land."

*See Note iii, page 86

*The Bonny Lass o' Yonder Town**

I know a lass in yonder town,
Sing heigh! laddies, sing ho! lassies!
And when I smile she will not frown.
Come listen to my song.
She's up at work at early light
And works and sings until the night,
And that's what keeps a hearthstone bright,
And cheers the heart along.
Sing ho! the bonny lass o' yonder town!

I call this bonny lass my friend,
Sing heigh! laddies, sing ho! lassies!
She says she'll be till life shall end,
Now listen to my song.
For who can tell, though we're but friends,
Where love begins and friendship ends,
For that's the way it always tends,
And moves the world along.
Sing ho! the bonny lass o' yonder town!

*See Note iv, page 86

If I'd no wife and knew no home,
Sing heigh! laddies, sing ho! lassies!
I'd go on the road that I've just come
And would not think it long.
I'd ask that lass to be my wife,
I'd bid farewell to city strife,
I'd live at Mauchline all my life,
And sing a many a song.
Sing ho! the bonny lass o' Mauchline town.

*Then Are We Grateful**

When on the parched landscape falls the shower,
When in a dreary winter gleams the sun,
When after weary labor comes an hour
When we can rest and view our work well done—
Then are we grateful; and the swelling heart
Throbs to the harmony of laws sublime.
Then do we feel ourselves as but a part
Of one great plan that fills all space and time.

When to the humble homes of downcast hearts,
When to the bedside where the suff'rer lies,
Cometh with smiles and tears and helpful arts,
Angel of love but clad in woman's guise—
Then are we grateful; and the melting heart,
Yields to the power of those laws sublime.
Great is the love of which she is a part,
Boundless His love that fills all space and time.

*See Note v, page 87

*The Doctor's New Year Resolutions**

The doctor sat long in his office chair.
His brow was furrowed with thought and with
care,
And silver besprinkled his thinning hair.

'Twas the last sad day of the dying year.
'Twas the last sad hour of the dying day.
And the doctor sat with his ledger near,
And a pile of bills which he could not pay.
His ledger was full of accounts unpaid.
"'Twas the same last New Year," the doctor said.
"I wonder how long is this thing to last.
See the work I've done in the busy past.
If I only had what is due to me,
I could settle my bills quite readily."

Then the doctor squirmed in his office chair,
And his brows grew darker with thought and
care,
And his fingers ran through his thinning hair.

Then he conned the book and his pencil flew,
As he figured the bills long overdue,
While he talked of the scenes that mem'ry drew.

*See Note vi, page 87

"Here is Bodkin's bill. I recall his case.
His cheek was a sight, and he could not speak.
He had erysipelas in the face.
I saw him daily for over a week.
But that cheek was nothing to what he showed
When I asked him to pay me what he owed.
He said, it was now only six months past,
He wanted to see if the cure would last.
If he had no trouble for six months more,
He'd see me about it,—and closed the door."

Then the doctor scowled as his pencil flew,
And he figured the bills long overdue,
While he talked of the scenes that mem'ry drew.

Then reflecting, his anger rose apace
As he saw set forth in another case
The ingratitude of the human race.

"There was Parson Browning, who had gall-
stones.
Who suffered 'like martyr upon the rack,'
So he said, when I'd dragged my weary bones
To attend him through each severe attack.

And I tried with directions kind and wise
To conquer his weakness for chicken pies
And puddings and cheeses and jams and tarts;
What a gourmand he! Well, by sundry arts,
And months of attention I brought him 'round;
Gall, liver and parson were hale and sound."

Then his indignation arose apace,
As he pointed out in the parson's case
The dishonesty of the human race.

" 'Twas a gratis case, and I sent no bill;
I gave my work with a hearty good will,
To aid the truth and bring credit to skill.

"Imagine my feelings—one day I read
In *The World* a letter of warmest thanks,
As of one who had been raised from the dead;
' 'Twas done by the use of Professor Blank's
Electric Belt'—the writer did aver.
The writer was—my friend the minister.
He then described the symptoms he had felt,
And claimed that through it all he'd worn the
belt!

When he had not worn it 'twas in the bed,
And wrought a wondrous cure, the parson said.

" 'Twas a gratis case and I'd sent no bill,
I had given my work with a right good will,
To aid the truth and bring credit to skill!

"But gentle woman is more selfish yet,
And little she cares so her wish she get,
How others may trouble and toil and fret.

"What a trying patient was Mrs. Green,
Moaning o' days, and lamenting o' nights.
Mrs. Green was the bluest ever seen,
The cause of her blues was she had the whi-
Bright's;
But that was not all—there was more beside;
She had not been well since the blushing bride
Of young Alfred Green, who'd been rather fast,
But had settled down with the belle at last.
For the past three years he'd no mind to roam,
But no babes had come to adorn their home.

"But lovely woman is more selfish yet,
And little she cares so her wish she get,

How doctors may trouble and toil and sweat.

"And charming woman is subtle of heart.
In the world's great game she can play her part.
When she deals with doctors, behold her art.

"I used for madam my cunningest skill,
And waited on her with attentions nice.
Her health was restored; but I'm waiting still
On her—to pay therefor my modest price.
I called last week; she met me in the hall.
'Dear doctor, dear! How good of you to call!'
(Both hands extended, and a radiant smile.)
'And—there's that bill I've owed you such a
while;
But—Christmas presents cost so much, you see,
For little folks! Come in and view our tree.'

"Aye, charming woman is subtle of heart,
In the world's great game she can play her part.
When it comes to a stand-off, oh! What art."

Thus the doctor sat that December night.
He reasoned it over. "This is not right,
And it must be changed and remodeled quite.

"The dullest unskilled lab'rer in the land
For empty promises would never work.
The merchant wants the money in his hand,
Or written promise that one cannot shirk
Before his goods change owners. There's not one,
Search where you will, who when his work is done
Will take for pay a blessing—or a curse—
Or calmly drop a 'thank you' in his purse,
Save only I; they say my legal friend
Is paid to start, then pays himself to end.

"Now I miss my meals and I lose my rest,
And I know my work and I do my best,
But my business affairs are a common jest."

Then he raised his hand to the solemn skies,
And he said, "Behold me! Ye unseen eyes
In the realm where the doctor goes when he dies,

"And lend me your ears, and record my vow—
S'welp me, Hippocrates, Galen, and all
Th' immortal physicians from then to now.
I never more will prescribe for nor call

Upon those whose accounts have not been paid;
I'll not operate, till the fee is laid
In my palm, or at least is placed in sight;
I'll not miss my meals, nor get up at night;
And desert and oppose me, all ye powers,
The day that I work more than eighteen hours!"

And these resolutions so bravely made,
Were they kept till the doctor's head was laid
In the dust, leaving not a debt unpaid?

Alack and alas! That the vow was sworn
In the name of physicians, who had borne
The self-same traits that now made him to mourn.

From Hippocrates down, the active mind
Was ever outstripped by the tender heart;
And all selfish motives were cast behind
When the message came that the doctor's art
Was needed. Out reached the healing hand!
How could the spirits of that noble band
Who ever have held duty's high behests
Highest and greatest in their loyal breasts—

Who ever have loved Science and Mankind—
How could they aid a sordid oath to bind!

And these resolutions, intended to last—
In spite of temptations to stand steadfast—
Were broken to smash ere the week had passed.

What said the worthy doctor when he saw
His resolutions were a chain of straw?
Hope from some other quarter he must draw.

He said, "Oh, when! When will the people see
'The laborer is worthy of his hire,'
The faithful doctor's worthy of his fee!
Why does not some one with didactic fire—
Why does not some Maclaren wield his pen
To sketch an *ideal public*, and teach men
How they should *treat their doctor!* We have seen
Lessons enough of what the doctor's been.
The 'old school' type, was, is, and will remain;
Now teach the public what's its duty plain!"

"For still this sentiment our bosom thrills—
How sweet the task to vanquish mortal ills!
(If only somebody would pay our bills!)"

Advice to Men Graduates

Now I've a word to give the class:
Look round young men, each choose your lass
    Choose fat or thin or short or tall
    Choose fair or dark, choose large or small
There is a lass for every lad,
Now trust to luck! No luck's so bad
    As his who chooses none at all!

Toast to Women Doctors

O women fair who now essay
    The duties of the men
Check not nor stay
Ambition's way
    At scalpel nor at pen.

But take the bitter with the sweet
    And go where duty calls
Nor ever beat
A weak retreat
    From that which *most* appals.

My rights I'm ready to resign
    And let you wear the breeches
If, out to dine
(You'd look divine)
    You'll make for me my speeches.

Ho! Brothers! Come and Drink With Me!

Ho! Brothers! Come and drink with me;
And if ye choose the wine-cup,
For sake of your good company,
I'm with ye till the windup.
And if the morning finds this crew
As full as Omar Khayam,
Let not your neighbor say to you
"You're not as full as I am."

Ho! Brothers! Come and drink with me!
If tea's to be the tipple,
With every sip there's sure to be
Of sober wit a ripple.
Then drink of wisdom and of joy
And share the talk and laughter
As light of heart as when a boy,
And fear not a "hereafter."

Ho! Brothers! Come and drink with me.
If its the fragrant berry,
As odorous as Araby,
Then we shall long be merry.

For sleep ne'er overtakes the brain
That feels good coffee's bracing.
So touch the spur and loose the rein,
Our thoughts will soon be racing.

Ho! Brothers! Come and drink with me!
Suppose we pledge in water,
Why, so did Eve and Adam, we
Have nothing yet that's better.
'Tis Nature's gift, the thirst to slake
Of every live mammalian.
It's vintage time dates farther back
Than liquors Bacchanalian.

Inscription in a gift-copy of Dorland's "The Age of Mental Virility."

Who said "The good die young!"
Pshaw! Here are you and I.
We have not yet grown wings,
Nor sought the sky!

And they who say that fame
Only in youth is won
Should watch and hold their breath
'Till we have done!

The Excursion Train

Whoop 'em up! Scoop 'em up!
Toot! Now let 'er go!
Take 'em to Atlanta
To see the great Expo.
Show 'em where the cotton and
The sweet potatoes grow,
Where trees are draped with long gray moss,
And Southern breezes blow.

Rake 'em up! Shake 'em up!
Take 'em to the show,
Show 'em where the goobers
And pickaninnies grow.
Show 'em all the bloody fields
Of the late great civil war.
Great armies met and fought where now
These cemeteries are.

Whoop 'em up! Scoop 'em up!
Load 'em on the train,
Tote 'em down to Dixie
Among the sugar cane.
Where, though the war was long ago,
Whatever ails their sight,
They can't tell gray from blue "no moh"
But they're keen on black and white.

Ram 'em in! Jam 'em in!
Crowd 'em through the door!
Put the babies in the hat racks,
There's plenty room for more;
Up climbs old aunt 'Liza
To ride upon the train,
She runs against the color line
And climbs right down again.

Round 'em up! Pound 'em up!
Shove 'em down the aisle,
Put the luggage on the cushions
And the people in a pile.
See the mountains topped with cedars
And the hilltops crowned with pines,
The sycamores along the streams
And cypress hung with vines.

Move 'em up! Shove 'em up!
Stack 'em on the floor.
Put your feet out through the windows
And make room for twenty more.
There's a mansion 'neath the liveoaks
And the quarters just beyond,
And the ricefield over yonder
Looks like nothing but a pond.

Roll along! Bowl along!
Take 'em to the show,
Show 'em where the niggers and
The water-melons grow.
Miles of rugged mountains,
Miles of fertile plain,
Miles of level cornfield,
Then the hills again.

Rush along! Push along!
Lord'y! See 'er go!
Carry 'em to Georg'y
Far from the land of snow;
Show 'em how the okra and
The calabashes grow,
Where the air is sweet and balmy
And Southern waters flow.

*A Physiologist's View of "What is the Little One Thinking About?"**

Thus sang the poets of every land,
Thus dream fond parents on every hand.
Now for biology!
Hear physiology!
Though he stretches and squirms, and bends and kicks,
And his facial muscles play comic tricks,
And he scratches our hands while his nest we fix,
And pipes out loud—so do new-born chicks.
The chuckle, the crow, the nod, the wink,
Are impulsive merely. He does not think.
It was reflex action, that cunning blink,
For the too bright sunlight made him shrink.
Reflex that cough, reflex that sneeze.
What's that? It's plain as the A. B. C.'s.

An irritation starts at A
And goes to B, but does not stay,
B feels, and straight sends word to C
Such irritation should not be.

*See Note vii, page 88

C sends a motor impulse then
To move away ere it comes again.
We'll touch the little baby's toe—
His leg will jerk—There! See it go?
You can do the same with a sleeping dog—
You can see the same in a headless frog.
What does he think of his mother's breast?
    Seeking it ever by day and night,
    Gorging and grunting with all his might?
Instinct alone inspires his zest,
    Instinct alone like his mother's love
    Which welcomes the babe as from above,

Welcomes and loves him though ugly or bad,
What though a wayward and wandering lad
        Does she not fondly yearn
        For his return
Back to where heart's love and hearth-fire burn?
    Perception of what the senses tell,
The will to do or remain at rest,
    The memory's record guarded well,
The judgment to say which thing is best.

Sober reflection, induction keen,
Imagination of things unseen,
Highest emotions—this godlike train
Come not yet to the growing brain.
Now I'll tell you wherein lies
Mystery of mysteries;
Sage or poet cannot tell
What powers in the baby dwell,
Hidden in each little cell,
Still expanding. Up he grows!
Up he grows! Up he grows!
What he'll be yet no one knows.

Toast to Scalpel and Pen

Ho! Brothers! Come and drink with me!
We'll drink unto the knife, Sirs!
Most wonderful it's agency
Regarding Death and Life, Sirs.
In ages dark the bloody blade
In deeds of Death was dealing.
The surgeon's blade Life now has made
Her instrument of healing.

Ho! Brothers! Come and drink with me!
We'll drink unto the pen, Sirs!
We'll celebrate its potency
To move the minds of men, Sirs.
To what avail had each man wrought,
His science, who would heed it,
Had he writ naught about his thought,
That other men might read it?

Ho! Brothers! Come and drink with me!
To Pen and Scalpel drink, Sirs!
Let them as sacred emblems be
To all who work and think, Sirs.
With laurel shall they both be crowned,
And many a song and story,
While cheers resound, round after round,
Shall tell us of their glory!

*"Editoriology"**

The doctor editor 's a man
Of very various knowledge.
He knows a deal far better than
The things he learned at college;
Minds o' men, power o' the pen, professional
cosmology—
These are but pages in his book of editoriology.

Now call the next upon the list,
Or call him over yonder.
For he's like every journalist,
Just loaded full of thunder;
Subscription dues, modern views of ethics or
nosology—
For all of these and more belong to editoriology.

Then quiz the man upon your right,
Or ask him over yonder.
They'll give delight with discourse bright
Will make you deeply ponder;
Book reviews, current news, maybe gynecology—
For all of these are only part of editoriology.

*See Note viii, page 90

You buttonhole a Southern man
Or him that's from the West, Sir,
I think it's doubtful if you can
Tell which one's talk is best, Sir;
Roentgen ray, doctor's pay, problems in psychology,
Are quite familiar to the sharp in editoriology.

Now tap some man along this row,
Or tap him over yonder;
You'll hear such learned language flow,
Will fill you full of wonder;
Surgeon's art, lungs or heart, foods or pharmacology—
For all of these by right belong to editoriology.

Call any man of all the train
That gathers round this table,
To teach you or to entertain
You'll find him amply able;
Doctor's fads, proper "ads," I offer no apology,
For all of these, and more, belong to editoriology.

*The Medical Pickwick**

A Journalistic Jingle for January

Have you listened to the lispings, heard the whiffling, whistling whisperings,
Seen the strange mysterious trystings that are going on in town?
There's to be another journal blazing forth from depths infernal,
Or perhaps from realms supernal it will gaily flutter down.

There's a direful dearth of papers that can chronicle the capers
Of the big and little apers of Hippocrates the sage.
There are clinics, there are cases jotted down in divers places,
But the medic and his graces are not found on any page.

Since there's some one has been slighted, had his aspirations blighted,
He is now to have it righted by the means of printers' ink.
Just as sure as we can edit, he is bound to have due credit
That he did it, wrote it, said it, we can prove it in a wink.

*See Note ix, page 90

Surgeon, drop your scalpel gory, seize your pen
and write a story
That will celebrate the glory of the art that you
profess.
Doctor, rest your dulled gray matter while you
generously scatter
Your superfluous lore in chatter for our dic-
tographic press.

Send your drawing or your etching, send your
literary sketching,
We will publish it in fetching and appropriate
array.
Send your epic or your sonnet, let the serious-
minded con it;
But to laugh and fatten on it, send your merry
roundelay.

Send the manuscripts you've hoarded, history's
facts shall be recorded,
Honors fairly be awarded, if it takes our latest
breath.
But if some one makes a blunder, or presents us
stolen plunder,
Hear the critic's raucous thunder that will
frighten him to death!

Don't be flurried, don't get worried, if you're
skinned or scalped or buried.
(We're preparing to be curried to atone for our
offense.)
Calm yourself and take it kindly, justice shall be
meted blindly,
And it all is meant benignly in the true "Pick-
wickian sense."

Live in the Open

What man can thrive immured within close walls,
And covered in from heaven's own light and air?
How must he, pale and stifling, cramped and numb,
Sick'ning and dwindling, all too soon succumb,
Ere he has known his rightful heritage
Of health, joy, wisdom, strength, and ripened years.

How like a rodent, burrowing in the earth,
Is he whose harbor is thus close confined!
Or like a wretch entombed before his death—
What helps it that his coffin's satin-lined?

It is not strange that finding one as dead,
Lethargic, stagnant, wan, and weak and cold.
Like worms the fell diseases claim their prey,
And wreak the wreck they should do after death.

Then what avail your costly palaces?
Why vex your soul with cumbrous tenements?
Ah! Say ye so! The buildings that ye rear
Are stately, beautiful, or grand beyond compare?
Gaze on yon mountains! Have ye builded such?

But if ye needs must build to show your wealth,
Or for mere pastime, build as children build,
For sheer amusement; if ye like it not,
Then raze it to the earth and build again;
But do not shut yourselves between the walls;
Ye are not meant for cagebirds, prisoners.

Were there no choice but ever thus to dwell,
Rather I'd brave the natural elements,
Or house me only neath a towering rock,
When boist'rous winds assail, or seek a tree
Or coppice when the heat o'erbears me.

I love the open! Give me light and air,
Give me a breezy hilltop or a plain;
Give me a valley else, beside a stream;
Or give me but a cliff, where I can dream
And gaze upon the ocean; or a skiff
Among the sedges of an inland lake;
Give me a path along a hedgegrown lane
That leads to well tilled fields and meadows sweet;

Or let me journey forth without a trail—
I feel no fear to tread a wilderness.

Think ye the lion fears the desert wilds?
Or think ye that the dolphin dreads the sea?
Cringe not in noisome dwellings and dark haunts;
Come forth, and tread upon the earth, its master!
Live in the open as a man should live!
And feast your eyes on tints and lights and shades,
And stretch your vision o'er vast distances,
The air is sweeter than delicious wine,
Your quickened heart shall thrill with living joy!

Oh, have ye never slept upon the ground,
With not a roof betwixt ye and the sky?
There's no such pleasure in the entire round
That men enslave themselves in order they may
buy.
I reach my arms up toward the friendly stars,
And stretch my form upon the welcoming grass,
Caress it with my hands as lovers do
The tresses of a woman well beloved.

'Tis no false tale that in an ancient age,
God built an ample garden, where he walked.
Come! Walk thou in the open, eve, noon, morn,
And thou shalt meet the Gard'ner, face to face.

Lines Sent With a Wedding Gift of a Barometer and Thermometer

Dear friends, here is an instrument by which
you may foreknow
The brewing of each threatened storm ere it
begin to blow.
And when the tempest rages high, 'twill know-
ingly inform
You of the coming of the calm that follows every
storm.

And here are glass and mercury so cunningly
combined,
Look when you will upon the scale, the heat's
degree you'll find.
Thus we the changeful weather can predict on
sea or land—
But who our hearts and tempers can presage or
understand?

Oh, would I could an instrument sagaciously
devise
To foretell those conjugal storms that will some-
times arise!
Now don't tell me you'll meet no squall, naught
but the gentlest breeze
You've never navigated yet on matrimonial seas!

But hear a word from one who knows—keep true
love at the wheel,
You'll weather every storm that blows and ride
on even keel.
You'll find forbearance in the hold the best of
ballast make,
Your watchword be the precept old—"But he
who gives may take."

Nor let the temperature of home be either hot or
cold,
Affection at the boiling point we seldom see grow
old.
There's Gertrude married Bobby Blade, the San-
tiago hero—
They loved at ninety in the shade, but now
they're down to zero.

Those sudden shifts some hearts endure are
anything but pleasing,
To bask one while at Summer-heat then shiver
near to Freezing.
But somewhere near the Temperate mark you'll
find the right degree
To last through times both bright and dark into
eternity.

Toast to Literature

Ho! Brothers! Come and drink with me!
And as we quaff to booklore,
With every drink our cry will be
For more, and more, and still more.
He loves a volume as a friend,
Does every true booklover,
Till Time has written " 'Tis the end,"
And Death has closed the cover.

Indian Corn

When e'er I see the maize, the Indian corn,
If it be springing in the vernal shower,
If it be waxing of a summer morn,
If it be basking in the setting sun,
If it be rustling in the fervid breeze
That aids the alchemy of August nights,
If it be ripening in the Autumn haze,
If it be gathered in the shock; or robbed
Of all the golden treasure it has saved
From out the yellow sunshine and the earth
And sweetened with the breath of summer flowers—
It still recalls to me that race whose name
It bears, but whom it knows no more.
Whether because it grows so straight and tall,
Or that its head with feathery plumes is decked,
And fringe'd ornaments; or that it seems
To tread in single file a narrow path,
One footstep like another in a line;
Whether a semblance is that can be seen,
Or is but conjured by my grandsire's lore,
I cannot fathom, but it has the charm
To set me dreaming o'er the long agone.

II.

I see an op'ning in a wooded vale
Where sunshine warms the virgin earth, and there
The tawny women crudely stir the mold
And plant the fertile seed, and wait its growth.
With clamor shrill they scold the thieving crows,
And chatter welcome to the freshening rain.
They watch the stalks grow strong and straight
and high,
The leaves still deepening their luxuriant green.
They note the blossom, then the shapely ear,
Encased in satin and in fustian wrapped
And gay with silken tassel at its crest.
They scare that night-marauder, the raccoon,
And at the larum of the snapping stalks
They rouse the camp to rout the prowling bear.

III.

And when upon a mystic summer night
The wolf's long halloo from a distant hill
Is answered like an echo by his mate,
When all the strange weird voices from the grass,
And strident noises in the foliage,
And whispering shadows floating through the trees,
And odors rising from the fruitful earth,
Have set youths dreaming of—they know not
what,
Longing to journey to—they know not where,
I see a youthful warrior part the leaves
And tread a noiseless path to seek his love.

He finds her sleeping in her father's tent,
Covers his face, and reaching forth his hand
Plucking her robe, he softly calls her name.
There, shod in silent moccasins they come,
Walking enraptured 'mong the clustering blades,
Pausing to listen while the amorous breeze
Show'rs them with potent pollen from the corn.
An owl from overhead with hushing cry
Gives warning of the coming of the moon.
They seek the deeper shadows of the grove;
And while red-golden rises that great orb
And lessens to white silver when on high
They murmur of their love and plight their troth.

IV.

My backward vision views another scene,
'Tis now the season of the Feast of Corn.
The signal smoke has mounted toward the sky,
On foot or horse in motley cavalcade,
The bands have gathered from their wanderings
To join the great encampment by the stream.
Old sachems, grave and wise, renowned in peace,
Warriors, and chiefs implacable in strife,
In buckskin clad, and skins of wolf and fox,
With feather bonnets from war-eagles' wings,
With shields of hide, and belts of wampum
wrought,
With bows and knives and clubs and tomahawks,
And spears hung with the scalp-locks of their foes,
Quivers of arrows, flint and feather tipped;
Mothers and maidens—braids of jetty hair
Glossy with scented oils, with doeskin robes
Bedecked with beads and quills of porcupine,
Soft moccasins and necklaces of shells;
Youths aping elders in their dress and mien,
And mimic weapons. Mingled in the throng

Are babes, and ponies, dogs and wrinkled crones,
Gaunt crones, who witch-like rear a leathern
lodge
That multiplies by hundreds while I gaze.
Come then the preparations for the fete,
The hailing of the hunters from the chase,
The plucking of the corn, the embers' glow,
The savory odors, and the plenteous feast,
The games, the dances to the thumping drums,
That strange insistent cadence of the drums,
Like echoes of the footfalls of the past,
The sobbing and the throbbing of the drums
That stirs the primal instincts in the breast,
Compels the rhythmic quick'ning of the heart,
Controls the measured beating of the feet;
The surging and the urging of the drums
The rumbling and the thundering of the drums
That times the swaying trunks, the waving arms,
The chanted chorus and the piercing cries.
And there with tokens of his craft arrayed,
His magic pipe, and whistle from the bone
The wing-bone of an eagle shot in flight,

And cunning implements of sorcery,
Behold the incarnate spirit of the time—
The man-of-medicine, a wizard-priest,
Grotesque in awful mask and hideous paint,
With solemn eloquence and gruesome spells
Invoking *The Great Mystery* over all.

Now these are gone, are gone and swept away—
Their bones have whitened on the prairie wastes,
Or moldered, crouching, facing toward the East,
Buried unmarked for any mortal eye,
Or filled the maws of hungry beasts and birds
That since themselves have perished from the earth.
Warriors and maidens, women, youths and babes
With all their dreams and hopes and fears and faiths
And simple customs primitive and wild,
All these are whelmed in the entombing past—
The grave of countless races that have been.
They are no more, but here is in their stead
A stronger race, more skillful and more wise,
More learned in arts that build and that destroy.

They preach of peace and argue it with war,
Oft waste their lives, yet hope for life beyond,
They cleave the soil with ploughs of steel and iron,
And ploughing sometimes bring to light of day
An arrow-head—an axe of shapen stone—
Memento of the people who are gone.
And still they plant the native Indian corn,
Plant corn in files like Indians on the trail,
And when at length each stately stock has grown
To its full height, and borne its precious grain,
With ruthless hand they cut it to the earth
Even as their race has hewn the Indian tribes.

VI

And now each autumn when the frosts have
changed
Their green to sober brown and sombre grey,
While midday suns have bleached their tops to
white,
I see the white man's crop of red man's corn
In circled clumps and pointed at the top
Like teepees in an Indian village grouped.
No faces peer from out those silent cones,
No smoke is wafted from their flaunting tops,

No merry gossips walk those empty paths,
No hunters totter home beneath their game,
No busy squaws prepare the evening feast—
'Tis a deserted village meets my gaze,
A camp where death has silenced all that lived.

VII

Save where the farmer's children, ruddy-white
Are playing keeping house or camping out
Within those tent-like shelters, or they wage
A mimic Indian warfare, or stalk deer,
As they have heard it told in fireside tales.
Save when the season of the harvesting,
That jovial time in autumn, is at hand,
When friends and neighbors gaily gather in
To lighten toil with social merriment,
Where lanterns cast abroad their cheerful beams
Upon the rosy faces of the maids
Upon the sturdy figures of the swains,
Upon the nimble work of busy hands,
Upon the swelling heaps of golden corn,
While jest and laughter, song and mirth proclaim
The zest of labor and the joy of life.

In the November, on the Day of Thanks
They celebrate with feasting and with joy
The bounteous harvest, and they offer up
Their praises and their thanks in prayer and song
To that *Great Mystery* who giveth all!

VIII

Thus races rise and peoples come and go,
Customs and manners cease, or only change.
They circle, like a bird that fain would rise
And in the mist about the mountain's brow
From view it vanishes, to reappear
And circle in the sunlight far beyond;
Or like a field of maize, of Indian corn,
They flourish for a season and are gone,
Next season spring anew and thrive again.
Thus, even thus must I go, and my race,
All, every one, must bye and bye give place
Unto some stronger; and it is enough
That in our little time we do our task
And then serenely pass; for well we know
There is a mighty plan beyond our ken.

Of which our work is but a tiny part,
(And 'tis not lost for naught is ever lost)
And never comprehend the wondrous whole.
Would that I knew the meaning of the whole!
Still, all around us there are marvelous works,
Still do we strain to see the Maker's hand,
Still listen in our souls to hear the voice
As men of old of *The Great Mystery.*

IX.

And thus it is the maize, the Indian corn,
In every rustle of its myriad leaves,
In every motion of its stalwart stems,
Glad in its life and smiling to the sun,
Or stark and stiff as mummy in its bands,
Though mute is eloquent, though dead it speaks,
And leaves me musing o'er the long agone.

*Lines Written at Barskimming**

Until I saw Barskimming fair
I never knew but in my dreams
So fair a sight as this one seems,
Though even now I scarcely dare
To hope the vision will not pass,
And I awake and find, alas!
These sloping fields in sunlight glad,
These rugged rocks with mosses clad,
This water, smooth beneath the bridge,
Then rippling over yonder ledge,
These boughs that beckon to and fro
To their own images below—
Live in enchantment's realm alone,
To vanish when the spell is gone.

Those quaint old caves upon the brink
Of yon steep rock, above the seam
That marks its brow—they make one dream
Of long ago; when rock and stream
Were stained with blood.

*See Note x, page 91

—Just there I think
Amid the ferns the halberds gleam!
The larum sounds along the glen!
And shots ring out! And struggling men
Come panting up the pass, and bar
The caves where wives and children are,
And swords lunge out and clash and ring
Along these banks!—

Now linnets sing,
And nodding flowers in zephyrs swing,
Peace broods o'er all with hovering wing.
Peace be with thee, fair Barskimming!
Forever may thy people be
Courageous, strong, and conscience-free.
Peace be with thee! No harsher sound
Be heard anear than Jackdaw's cry;
Let music from thy halls resound,
Teaching the birds in woods around;
May Time's sear footsteps o'er thee pass
Light as the Stranger's o'er thy grass.

Armadel

My feet had traversed many a springing mile
  O'er rugged hillside and ascending ridge
By winding pathway and through deep defile
  Where noisy torrent foamed beneath the bridge.

Thence climbing high emerged the mountain trail
  That led across a mossy upland moor,
And wended toward a lonely little vale
  Between two watching mountains shadowing
    o'er.

So lonely was the vale I had no hope
  A human habitation there to see,
Yet there reposed upon a verdant slope
  A vine-clad cottage, sheltered by a tree.

Within its cheerful open door there stood
  A comely matron, tall and dark and strong.
I greeted her and asked for drink and food
  And leave to rest me, having traveled long.

She brought me milk and bread and at my ease
  I sat upon the humble portico,
With voice and glances well designed to please
  She questioned whence I came and where
    would go.

I gave her news from out the distant town
And talked of camp and court and books and art.
I won her ready smile, surprise, or frown
As varying feelings moved her woman's heart.

"Good Sir," quoth she, "You are a learned man
And very few of learned men I know.
I beg you take this scroll, and if you can,
Pray read the writing for me ere you go."

I sought to please, and essayed to rehearse,
And found it easy, for 'twas written well,
She listened and I read aloud the verse
The simple artless tale of Armadel:

"When first my heart went out to you, O Armadel,
My bosom thrilled with a delicious pain.
You rode before the caravan, a shining rain
As fine as mist, o'er all the valley fell."

"I know not if the luster of your godlike glance
Or if the morning sun dispelled the shower.
I know it was for me a fateful hour,
I gazed. You came anear me in my trance."

"Was magnet-magic in my eyes, O Armadel?
Or light like that which glowed within your own?
Why turned you? And why came and stood beside the stone,
And craved a draught from out my brimming well?"

"Slowly you took the cup my trembling fingers pressed,
You drank, and drank my gaze, my thoughts, my heart;
Then sighed, and sighing turned you to depart,
Your face set toward the mountains of the West."

"Men say that you are brave and strong in strife or stress,
Wild beasts and robbers fear your fierce advance.
Your mien was gentle. And your countenence
Was kind, and filled with a sweet seriousness."

"The mountains in the East are looming dark again,
The valley glooms beneath a lowering cloud,
And in the West the thunder threatens loud—
Deep in my breast there is a longing pain."

"Yet I would not you ne'er my native vale had
passed,
O, hero of the wilds and of my heart!
Even though it be we only met to part—
That our first blissful meeting be the last."

My voice was ceasing, as I heard the tread
Of quickening footsteps coming up the path.
Beside me stood a maiden, blushing red,
Who seized the paper; while in sudden wrath

The irate matron's voice was sounding loud.
"You hussy! I've unmasked your secret tears
Your mooning and your sighing and your proud
Your silent scornful fencing of my fears!"

"Was it for this I spared you to the school
And let you spend your hardly hoarded pence?
Shame! That my daughter thus should play the
fool!
A child of mine has right to better sense!"

"Mademoiselle! You'll grant me pardon!" I
implored,
Her lips gave answer; but I caught no word,
For still the mother's angry torrent poured
Like mountain tempest o'er a frightened herd.

"Go, go! And get you to the farthest glen,
You'll sip your supper from the icy pool!
I'll teach you to be writing songs of men!
Your flock shall be your comrades till you cool!"

O, I did wish the wisdom of a sage
And all the skill of diplomatic art
To lead the mother in her thoughtless rage
To understand the daughter's gentle heart,

To comprehend the truth, the innocence
With which were penned the simple lines that tell,
With ne'er a thought that it could give offense,
Her guileless tale of love for Armadel.

Reveries of the Aged

The sun hangs low upon the western hills
The weary breeze has sighed itself to rest
The aged wandering harper on the road
Hard by the crumbling pillar of the gate
Now droops his head, now turns it as to hear.
He gazes toward a dim and distant past
And while his fingers fondle at the strings
He chants with voice that once was clarion-strong:
"Ring, ring, O, sweet bells of my childhood,
Call, call, merry voices of comrades
Sing, sing, hidden birds in the wildwood
Years, years, cannot silence your cadence.

"*Yes, yes! I hear you.*

" 'Come, come to the hearts that had loved you
Long, long ere your feet learned to wander
Come, come to the friends who had proved you
Long, long ere the great world had claimed you.' "

" 'Here are the friends of your youth gathered round you,
Here you were happy and care never found you
Sweet, sweet were the flowers of the valley
Sweeter, far sweeter are long-ago memories.' "

"*Aye! Aye! and 'tis true.*

" 'Bright, bright was the sunshine that warmed us
Deep, deep was the shade of the forest.
Fair, fair was the prospect that charmed us
Higher and higher our spirits adventured.' "

" 'Joy came each day in the fair form of Chloris
Mirth was our playmate though we called her
Doris.
Humor was there, all unconscious we sought him
And laughed at his antics when Ethelbert caught
him.' "

"Round, round went the dancers, and singing
Pealed, pealed to the answering echoes.
Bound, heart to the music that, ringing,
Rings yet in my memories chambers."

"Where, where are those vanishing dancers?
Stay, stay but a bright moment longer!
Hark, hark to the music that answers
'Love gives remembrance that time renders
stronger.' "

"*Aye! Aye! So it does.*

"*Hark! Hark! Hear them sing!*

" 'Come, come to the hearts that had loved you
Long, long ere your feet learned to wander
Come, come to the friends who had proved you
Long, long ere the great world had claimed you.' "

" 'Here were the friends of your youth gathered
round you,
Here you were happy and care never found you,
Sweet, sweet were the flowers of the valley,
Sweeter, far sweeter are long-ago reveries.' "

*Zemzem, Zemzen**

The faithful know the well Zemzen, on
Mecca's drouthy desert sands;
Above, the holy Caabah, with its solemn
sable mantle stands;
Beside it is the ebon stone, that first
milk-white from heaven fell,
And the water murmurs its name "Zemzen" as
it softly bubbles in the well.

Long, long ere ever a muezzin's call had
sounded loud from a minaret
Was heard the gurgling water fall to the
sacred rune it is humming yet.
When Hagar wandered o'er the sand with Ish-
mael, far from the haunts of men
She found the well and heard it call "Zemzen,
Zemzem, Zemzem, Zemzen."

*See Note xi, page 92

There West met East and East met West
when they came to Zemzen to be blest;
There clan met band and band met clan
with scimitar and yataghan.
They traded corn and dates and oil and
Mecca grew to shelter them,
They worshipped idols made of wood, while
the water sang "Zemzem, Zemzen."

A million men, a million more and unknown
millions yet, they say,
Five times a day kneel down and pray,
and whether near or far away
They turn their faces toward that well, these
true-believing Moslem men,
While faithfully their prayers they tell,
and the water says "Zemzem, Zemzen."

Toward Kiblah all the Moslem pray, "Allah il
Allah, God is God!"
And taking all their sins away has turned that
milk-white stone to black.

"Allah Akbar—God is great!"—Bow the penitent head to the sand.
"Islam—submit! He is good and great; he holds the faithful in his hand.
His mercy flows like a living spring, for the thirsty souls of believing men
As water flows in His holy well, unceasingly—Zemzem, Zemzen."

Then is not this a wondrous well? A very wondrous well, I say!
Thousands of years ago and more it worked its wonders night and day.
Men worshipped idols, worshipped God, it wrought upon the souls of men,
And then as now it held their love, it holds their reverence now as then.
Though all the countless ages change, thou changest not, Zemzem, Zemzen!

The Butterfly

Flitting your wayward flight,
O, animated flower!
Aloft, alow,
Careering over hedge and field and stream,
How glow your tints!
Flashing back to the sky
Your amethyst
Blue, pink, white,
Pause now and sip the nectar of a bloom—
Up and away—
You're gone!

He holds you up to the scorn,
He would have you to toil—
The moralist.
He calls you very emblem of the gay
Who joy in life.
He would have you to toil
As toils the bee,
To store up sweets against the winter-time,
Nor rest nor play
But toil.

He points you to the ant,
He bids you copy her,
A paragon.
To dig into the earth, not look abroad.
With all this world
Spread bright and beautiful!
But you should delve,
Shame on you!
That you will dare to flaunt your painted
sails,
To soar in air
Day's toy.

I love those glinting wings,
I love that wayward flight,
Where fancy wills.
Now 'tis the orchard you are flick'ring through,
Now 'tis the wood.
There sombre shadows lurk.
Leave them to brood.
Be you gay.
Again the sunbeams dance upon you. wings
Scattering shafts
Of light.

'Tis true you store no sweets
For moralists to rob.
He should have told
That you love peace, you port no cruel
sting.
Nor like the ant
Who if the truth be told,
In selfish spite
For no fault
Pours on the weary man who only sleeps,
Acid that burns
Like fire.

Men often tell half truths.
Thus you he has maligned—
The moralist.
He has forgot the time you were a worm.
Humbly you crept.
An ugly thing, you crawled,
Despised, you toiled.
God! You toiled!
Now in the day of your triumph you fly!
Ha! Now you dance!
Ha! Ha!

A Meditation

There cannot yet remain a lengthened span
Of this, my mortal life. A few more tasks,
And sundry greetings, kisses, heartaches, hopes,
One long farewell—and then the lifeless form
Needs but the labor of a friendly spade,
In some secluded spot.

There let my body rest and mix with earth,
And if the summer grass more greenly grows,
Or if a tree more broadly casts its shade,
Then haply, men may say, "See! As in life
He makes the earth more easy for our feet,
Sweeter to dwell upon."

But let my flesh-free daemon roam the world,
Seeking men's hearts; and, choosing first the
young,
Fire them with high resolve, fill them with love
Of humankind and every thing that lives,
Inflame them with truth-hunger and work-thirst
That shall outlast *their* lives!

The Days of Childhood

If when that change has come that comes by
death,
And all this world is nothing more to me,
If there shall dawn upon me such a day
As were the days of childhood in this life,
What could I wish?
The majesty and splendor of the sun,
The glamor and the wonder of the earth,
The beauty of the bosom of the land
That swells and falls beneath the dome of sky,
Dream-freighted clouds that sail to realms
unknown,
The wind's caresses and the songs of birds,
Companionship of plants and sentient things,
The mysteries of sounds and silences,
The thousand marvels of the long, long days,
Heart-melting mother-love and father-care—
If through the gates of death lies such a world,
What could one wish?

Notes

I.

"After a delightful trip across the Trossachs, to the Lochs and then to Glasgow, I spent some days in the charming rural districts of Ayrshire, endeavoring to forget that there were any such things in the world as hospitals, operations, patients, pathology or pediatrics. The only thing to mar the pleasure of my country rambles was the ubiquity of the national food at every board. Nineteen times out of twenty it was oatmeal cake, and the twentieth time it was oaten bread. Several times in the twenty there were oatmeal bannocks to boot. At one little village wayside inn, as I munched my oats and cheese and drank a glass or two of milk, I wrote and left upon the table the lines which follow. If they seem a little ill-tempered, consider the aggravation; and if the English is not very good, remember that I have been spending some time in London."

(From "Some Other Cities and Citizens of Great Britain" (Cleveland Medical Gazette, October, 1894), which was one of a series of letters of travel by the author).

II.

To My Doctor in Bed

These verses from "Punch" (author unknown to me), appeared in the "Cleveland News and Herald" and elicited "The Doctor's Answer" which was first printed in the "Leader" of May 13, 1895.

With much regret I hear it said
That you, dear doctor, are in bed,
    Quite invalided.
For you the uninviting fare—
The broth, the gruel, made with care,
    The milk—is needed.

I mourn, yet grimly chuckle, too,
When thinking that not I, but you,
    Should be a fixture;
Not I, but you, must sadly sip,
With utterly unwilling lip,
    Some awful mixture.

Not I, but you, must now obey
What dictatorial doctors say,
So interfering!
I might perhaps be less averse
To some attractive youthful nurse,
And find her cheering.

In weather such as we have had
Your fate may not have been so bad;
In bed one lingers
When blizzards bite the bluish nose,
When cold half numbs the tortured toes,
The frozen fingers.

So I perhaps should envy you
With nothing in the world to do
But idly dozy
And disregarding snow and storm,
To be just comfortably warm
And snugly cozy.

To pass the time your pulse you feel,
And dream of charms all ills to heal,
Like some magician.
In mirrors you may see your tongue;
You cannot listen to your lung,
My poor physician.

You read the Lancet, I should say,
Or books on your complaint, all day,
Stiff bound or limp tomes;
And when you put the volumes by
You lie and sigh and try and di-
agnose your symptoms.
—*Punch.*

III.

This poem is used as a song by Cordelia Marston in Chapter XXXI of the author's novel "In the Year 1800."

IV.

"In like manner, Sancho, Dulcinea Del Toboso, for the purpose I intend her, deserves as highly as the greatest princess on earth. For of those poets who have celebrated the praises of ladies under fictitious names, many had no such mistresses. Thinkest thou that the Amaryllises, the Phyllises, the Silvias, the Dianas, the Galateas, the Alidas,

and the like, famous in books, ballads, barber shops, and stage plays were really ladies of flesh and blood and beloved by those who have celebrated them? Certainly not; they are mostly feigned to supply subjects for verse, and to make the authors pass for men of gallantry."—*Quotation from Don Quixote.*

This precaution taken I venture to put upon paper the words of a song which shaped itself somewhere in my consciousness on the 11th day of July, 1894, as I rode in the railway train from Mauchline to Dumfries, Scotland.

V.

These stanzas occur in the author's novel "In the Year 1800." Dr. Brush modestly presents them to Miss Marston as something he had read, whereas, they were inspired by that young lady's visit to the hospital.

VI.

Recited before the Cleveland Medical Society. Printed in the Cleveland Medical Gazette, January, 1898.

VII.

*Cradle Song**

By J. G. Holland.

What is the little one thinking about?
Very wonderful things, no doubt,
    Unwritten history!
    Unfathomed mystery!
Yet he laughs and cries, and eats and drinks,
And chuckles and crows, and nods and winks
As if his head were as full of kinks
And curious riddles as any sphynx!
Warped by colic, and wet by tears,
Punctured by pins, and tortured by fears,
Our little nephew will lose two years;
    And he'll never know
    Where the summers go;
He need not laugh, for he'll find it so!

under its influence to adhere to it in an inverted order. Of course, if you prefer writing it out in the longer lines, the meter still remains the same and the same corrections hold. Personally, I prefer the shorter lines as being lighter and more graceful and thus better suited to the delicate character of the verse. I think the look of a poem is quite as important as the appearance of a person. You first judge by externals. A graceful poem should embroider the printed page gracefully."

Now I have not a doubt that every one of these criticisms (as well as others which accompanied them), is correct. Yet I have sent the poem to the printer as first written. And this primarily because that is the form in which it was conceived and born, due undeniably to my lack of skill. (I fear I shall lose all reputation as an orthopedic surgeon if judged by the number of distorted and supernumerary feet allowed to pass uncorrected in this book.)

Certainly I could (or the reader may at his leisure) transform this iambic octameter into tetrameter, and arrange the lines methodically in quatrains instead of this irregular fashion; and I believe they would, so marshalled, look better to such artist eyes as those of my friend. But I fancy they sound better read in long lines; and I hope the meaning will carry the reader's attention away from the number of the verses in the last two stanzas.

Having deliberately allowed this orthometric oddity to appear in public instead of operating upon it at birth, I note a few justifying precedents.

Who has not read in "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner"—

"And through the drifts the snowy
cliffs
Did send a dismal sheen
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between."

and many more examples of rhyming in the middle of the lines, in this and

Who can tell what a baby thinks?
Who can follow the gossamer links
By which the manikin feels his way
Out from the shore of the great unknown,
Blind, and wailing, and alone,
Into the light of day?
Out from the shore of the unknown sea,
Tossing in pitiful agony—
Of the unknown sea that reels and rolls,
Specked with the barks of little souls—
Barks that are launched on the other side,
And slipped from Heaven on an ebbing tide!

What does he think of his mother's eyes?
What does he think of his mother's hair?
What of the cradle roof that flies
Forward and backward through the air?
What does he think of his mother's breast—
Bare and beautiful, smooth and white,
Seeking it ever with fresh delight—
Cup of his life and couch of his rest?
What does he think when her quick embrace
Presses his hand and buries his face
Deep where the heart-throbs sink and swell
With a tenderness she can never tell,
Though she murmur the words
Of all the birds—
Words she has learned to murmur well?
Now he thinks he'll go to sleep!
I can see the shadow creep

Over his eyes, in soft eclipse,
Over his brow, and over his lips,
Out to his little finger tips!
Softly sinking, down he goes!
Down he goes! Down he goes!
See! He is hushed in sweet repose!

*This selection from Dr. Holland's "Bittersweet," is introduced here with due respect for the memory of its distinguished author, and by courtesy of his publishers, Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. It bears evidence of the close observation of the physician and the beautiful expression of the poet; but it tempted the present writer into a cold-blooded statement of facts in "A Physiologist's View."

VIII.

Written on the occasion of a Medical Editors' dinner.

IX.

Written for and published in the initial number of the Medical Pickwick, January, 1915, and reproduced here by the courtesy of that magazine.

X.

Barskimming is a country residence in Ayrshire, Scotland. The mansion, in the midst of beautiful grounds, is approached by a long shaded driveway. As the traveler approaches the mansion he suddenly comes upon the river Ayr, flowing at the bottom of a deep rocky gorge which is crossed in a single arch by a stone bridge having carven balustrades surmounted by quaint pillars. The caves alluded to are rooms hewn in the solid stone of the perpendicular walls of the gorge. The caves can be entered only by a narrow shelf-like pass hewn in the face of the rock leading to the glen below the gorge. Nothing is known for certain of the origin of the caves. As I stood for the first time upon the bridge, the beauty of the scene impressed me, while a legend connecting the caves with wars of the Covenanters excited my imagination. Just then from the mansion came the clear notes of a voice accompanied by a piano, sounding above the hoarse cries of the jackdaws and the music of the songbirds, and set my thought running into meter. July 9, 1894.

XI.

This poem was submitted to a sensitive, sensible, acute friend of mine, with a request for critical comment. I subjoin a part of the reply. "You wrote it out in long lines, though you composed it in the simplest of lyrical meters, the one to which most of our hymns are written. This soon led you astray so that you forgot that your first and third lines do not rhyme, but that your second and fourth lines do. In your first variation you rhymed first and third lines as well, thus:

'Long, long ere ever a muezzin's call
Had sounded loud from a minaret
Was heard the gurgling water fall
To the sacred rune it is humming yet.'

Of course as a stanza this is very lovely, but it changes the rhyme scheme of your poem, and so you must either change the other stanzas to this scheme or sacrifice your extra rhyme 'call and fall.'

"In the next four lines of your transcription, you have jumbled your rhymes about somewhat. I have sorted them arbitrarily merely to make clear to you that though you apparently lost hold of your stanza form you were still enough

other poems having most of the lines rhymed only on the final words. The same masterpiece, although stanzaic is quite irregular in the grouping of the verses into stanzas. Any collection of poetry will furnish numerous examples of irregularity (according to the rules, perhaps, but acceptable to the ear for whose pleasure they are made.) Note Oscar Wilde's "The Sphynx," "Ballad of Reading Gaol," and many other poems.

The line of sixteen syllables is out of fashion. Who knows whether this is not merely because moderns are too short-winded to read it? If curious to try, turn to Owen Meredith's long lines in "Last Words," "The Shore," "The Apple of Life," "The North Sea," up to sixteen syllables in "Goodnight in the Porch." And by the way, there are some irregular double rhymes in "The Earl's Return." What reader wishes Longfellow had written "Nuremburg" in short lines?

Index

	Page
Dedication	7
The Witchery O' the Moon. (Written in 1909)	9
My "Oatograph." (Sorn,Scotland, July 8, 1894)	14
The Doctor's Answer. (1895)	16
The Knight's Wooing. (1800)	20
The Bonny Lass O' Yonder Town. (January, 1898)	21
Then Are We Grateful. (1800)	23
The Doctor's New Year Resolutions. (January, 1898)	24
Advice to Men Graduates	32
Toast to Women Doctors	33
Ho! Brothers! Come and Drink With Me!	34
Inscription in a Gift Copy of Dr. Dorland's "The Age of Mental Virility"	36
The Excursion Train	37

	Page
The Physiologist's View of "What is the Little One Thinking About."	40
Toast to Scalpel and Pen	43
"Editoriology." (1913)	44
The Medical Pickwick. (1914)	46
Live in the Open. (1909)	49
Lines Sent With a Wedding Present of a Thermometer and Barometer. (Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont, 1898)	52
Toast to Literature	54
Indian Corn. (1912)	55
Barskimming. (July 9, 1894)	65
Armādel. (1914)	67
Reveries of the Aged. (1915)	72
Zemzem, Zemzen. (1915)	75
The Butterfly. (1917)	78
A Meditation. (1903)	81
Days of Childhood. (April 22, 1907)	82
Notes	83

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